

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

DRIPPING SPRINGS

Rev. George O. Barnes writes in his usual charming manner of it and other matters.

SEPT. 20, 1886.—DEAR INTERIOR.—We are beyond a daily paper and the omnivorous reporter, for I (shall I say, "heaven be praised?") and I will therefore report progress myself. We have a modest photographer, in a tent, under the brow of the hill where I write; but he is one of the harmless kind—not one of those dreadful creatures who whisk a portable apparatus out of a little box, pretend to take you and then having conspired with a facetious engraver on wood, present you in the morning or evening, as the case may be, in such ridiculous caricature that one's own mother would not recognize the cut-throat likeness. I shall never forget the artist's (?) sardonic grin—of the Louisville Times—as he folded his camera stool and "silently stole away" from 108 Jacob street, with the remark, "We will do the best we can for you, Mr. Barnes;" nor the picture of the first-class assassin that glared from the next issue of that versatile sheet, as the fulfillment of that promise.

But let us get away from the subject and in this quiet retreat forget wood cuts and "Falcon" beaks, and all the rest of them. After all, these things roll off us like "water off a duck's back," though I refer to them pleasantly.

The weather has been grievously against our meeting, but we have had a most enjoyable and profitable visit to this delightful retreat. I shall always feel glad that we came.

Saturday, the 11th inst., we left Stanford by the noon train. Col. Welch and the proprietor of the Interior accompanied us. So did a watermelon, of gigantic proportions and most delicious flavor, that our friends and entertainers at Stanford were determined we should enjoy, as we had not time to discuss it at the early dinner Sister Welch had prepared. Good Walton obligingly undertook the precarious charge of the luscious monster and saw it safely moored under the rockaway, that bore us to Dripping Springs. Mr. Slaughter was at the station; prompt, watchful, master of the situation; equal to our mountains of baggage; a model business man; ready for any emergency; and a gentleman withal. So we found him from first to last; and it is a great pleasure to pay this passing tribute of gratitude to him and his lovely wife; and to acknowledge their most assiduous attentions to the troupe evangelique while guests under their roof. God bless them for their hospitality, as I am sure He will. We are proud to number them among our steadfast friends. The length of the road between Crab Orchard and Dripping Springs has been variously estimated, by parties who have been over it, from 2½ to 7 miles. On my first trip I inclined to the 7 mile theory. The second time I compromised on five. To-day I feel pretty sure I shall get down to "bed rock" truth, and call it 3½, which is as low as I can conscientiously go. The 2½ estimate is "measured with a con skin with the tail thrown in;" an old-time method that does not give the most accurate results. The drive out is by the usual up and down mountain road; very picturesque and full of pleasing variety. Maria and I, who were in the front rockaway, were so reminded of our beloved mountains at every step that we turned to children in our enjoyment of it all. By the time we had furled a stream or two, and bumped up and down a hill or two, and rattled over a loose boarded, rustic bridge or two, we were quite wild with delight and kept it up till we sighted Dripping Springs.

Mr. Slaughter has wrought wonders with his indomitable energy, in a brief period, at this watering place. As you approach, you front a semi-circular array of double story wooden houses, built in three blocks and tastefully colored, with different washes in harmony with the rural surroundings. A two storied building to the right contains a spacious dining-room and store; and a long, low structure on the left is used for a ball-room, with ten-pin alley in the rear. These flank the main lodging houses very neatly. A beautiful clover meadow, now in full bloom of a second crop, lies to the left of the ball-room, with a patriarchal elm of great age and grand umbrageousness in the center; most refreshing to the eye. A hundred and fifty guests can be accommodated now. The famous "Dripping Spring" gushes from the steep hill side and guided by an iron pipe, falls into a cement basin, near the canopied resort called the "Saloon." Here benches are arranged and the eager drinker may quench thirst and regain appetite, and reinforce the exhausted energies of nature in the way long known to the habitues of this favorite resort. Some think they can not live without an annual visit to these restorative waters. It will always be a favorite with dyspeptics, in particular. The testimony is

uniform, that, whatever the other benefits, this water will best such a capacity for pitching into fried chicken, et al, that delicate stomachs don't know themselves in a week.

Half way up the hill, at the base of which the whole establishment lies, the "Governor's Lodge" is erected. It is a very neat, three roomed structure, also tastefully, because harmoniously, colored, with drawing-room in the centre and two bedrooms at the sides. Here the troops were housed, most luxuriously.

Of the meeting, I have only this to say: It was blessed from first to last, though the rainy weather sadly interfered with the attendance.

Yesterday was fine and the great throng that gathered from every quarter gave certain assurance of what the attendance would have been had the heavy rains not interfered. We held services each day and yesterday three—the last being for the special benefit of the employees of the establishment, whose duties prevented them from attendance on other occasions.

I am happy to say that a goodly number confessed the dear Savior at the closing meeting in the afternoon. Praise the dear LORD.

The landscape from "Governor's Lodge" is one of rare beauty. An amphitheatre of low hills, of exquisite outline, clad in forest green, of which the one above the Dripping Spring is the steepest; a circular stretch of clover meadow and waving corn fields, with Fall Lick winding through, in graceful sweeps, while far beyond, through the rent, by which the rippling stream makes its exit, can be seen the higher range of blue hills, with "Hall's Gap" in full view. I have seen many mountain prospects of grander proportions, but this miniature landscape holds its own for sweet, restful, picturesque beauty, with them all.

I can not forget it, nor the courteous hospitality of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter, whose unvarying kindness doubled the joy of looking at it, for the eight days of our ever memorable stay at "Dripping Springs." Ever in Jesus,

Geo. O. Barnes

A Speculation Party.

On Monday evening Miss Georgie Maize invited some friends to a Speculation party in honor of her guest, Miss Merrill, of Natchez, Miss. This occasion was one of the most delightful of the season. The guests were seated at a long table running lengthwise through the parlor; at each place was a small basket filled with candies, which was to be used for money to buy cards from each other at the table. The cards consisted of four regular playing cards and were dealt out by Miss Maize. The auctioneer, Mr. B. H. Ridgely, also had a deck of cards, from which he took a card and hid it from the players; this card was the prize card. He called off eight or ten cards and then he called off the deck, and each person holding a corresponding card, as it was called, threw it to the centre of the table as being of no value. Mr. Ridgely then declared the market open. Then the ladies and gentlemen took their baskets and money and commenced buying a card or suit that they thought would match the hidden card. The buying was warm, and after a while there was no money that could buy a card for all your money and the basket thrown in. The auctioneer rang the bell and no one was allowed to buy a card after the market was closed. After the deck is all called off he turns to the prize card, and any one at the table having the corresponding card is entitled to a prize. There were nine prizes given, Miss Maud Woodson receiving one of them. (Louisville Commercial.)

THE HOME OF THE JULEP.—There are still several old-fashioned gardens where the mint bed under the southern wall still blooms luxuriantly; where white fingers of house-hold angels come every day about this time of year and pluck a few sprays of the aromatic herb to build a julep for poor old shaky grandpas, who sit in the shady corner of the veranda with his feet on the rail and his head bawling with the old days. With her sleeves rolled up, the rosy granddaughter stirs sugar in a couple of tablespoonfuls of sparkling water, packs crushed ice to the top of the heavy out-glass goblet, pours in the mellow whiskey until an overthrust threatens and then daintily thrusts the mist sprays through the crevices. And the old man rousing from his dreams blesses the vision which seems to rise up from the buried days of his youth, and with his gay nose nestling peacefully in the nosegay at the summit of his mid-day refresher, quaffs the icy drink and with a long drawn sigh of relief sinks back to dream again until the dinner-bell sounds its hospitable summons. (Augusta Chronicle.)

The Jewish New Year, the 5647th year of the world, according to the Hebrew calendar, will begin on the 29th day of September, at sundown, the celebration of the event lasting, among the religious Israelites, two days. It is made a solemn feast, and, according to the version of the Talmud, all are judged on that day to life or death, prosperity or adversity for the year. With the first day of the new year begin the ten days of repentance, continuing until the day of atonement on the 9th day of October, which day is observed from evening until evening by prayer and fasting, with abstention from all manual labor.

The New Revenue Law.

Under the new revenue law, which went into effect yesterday, the law in regard to license has been somewhat changed. License to sell spirituous, malt or vinous liquors by retail is granted by the county court. No license to sell shall be granted until a notice has been posted for ten days at the Court House, and four public places in the neighborhood where the liquor is to be sold; and if a majority of the legal voters protest against granting the application it shall be refused; the county court to determine what constitutes the neighborhood. The tax on a license is as follows, viz: On a license to keep a tavern, ten dollars; if with the privilege to retail spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, one hundred and fifty dollars; on a license to any person to retail spirituous or vinous liquors, or both, one hundred dollars; on a license to retail malt liquors, fifty dollars; and a license to retail spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, one hundred and fifty dollars; on a license to sell pistols or bowie knives, fifty dollars. All persons selling liquor in packages of less than five gallons are considered retail dealers.

The tax on a nine or ten pin alley or bowling saloon, is based upon the population of the county. If the population, in the county, including the cities and towns, exceeds ten thousand souls, forty dollars; under that number, twenty dollars. License to a pawnbroker is three hundred dollars. Circuits are required to pay a license of one dollar for each one hundred voters in the county in which the exhibition is given, for each separate exhibition to which an admission fee is charged, provided the tax shall not exceed fifty dollars for each exhibition. License to stand a stud, jack or bull, an amount equal to the greatest sum charged for the services of the same, whether the sum be for the season or insurance, which shall expire on the 31st of December after its grant. Licenses are valid for one year only, are not assignable, and the clerk is prohibited from giving copies or duplicates thereof. The license upon a lottery franchise, which has been declared by a judgment of the Court of Appeals to be lawful and existing one, \$2,000, the license to be conclusive evidence in all courts of this Commonwealth of the right of the license to operate a lottery. (Frankfort Argus.)

Mr. Arthur, Chief of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood, in a recent speech at an engineers' picnic at Scranton stated that the Brotherhood embraces 20,000 members, and in the last 17 years has paid out nearly \$2,000,000 to widows and orphans and \$500,000 to its needy members. The statement, in connection with what we already know of the character and habits of the organization, extorts our admiration and respect. One of its conspicuous principles is fidelity to contracts—a regard for the rights of others as well as a resolute maintenance of its own—and this is probably the explanation of the fact that it has been enabled to accomplish so much for itself and for its individual members without a resort to violence and in so quiet and orderly a way. It is not noisy and turbulent; it seeks to avoid strikes and is very successful in doing so; it does not attempt to attract attention nor make cases for the newspapers. Indeed it is rarely heard of in connection with tumult and disturbance. And yet it is one of the most compact and powerful labor fraternities in the country, and one of the most useful. (St. Louis Republic.)

There remain in round numbers \$90,000,000 of the three per cent. bonds to be called. The next series of bonds which will be subject to call are the four and a half per cent., which do not mature until September, 1891, five years hence. There are \$250,000,000 of these. Then follows a gap of sixteen years before any other bonds are redeemable, with the exception of the Pacific Railroad bonds, which the companies may or may not be made to provide for. The four per cent., of which there are \$737,742,500, mature in July, 1907. It can be seen that until that time the bonds, unless they are purchased at a high premium in the market, can not be relied on as they have been in the past for the purpose of absorbing surplus revenue. There must be a reduction of taxation or a course of extraordinary expenditure adopted to meet the situation, and it is not difficult to decide which the people will prefer.

Monday morning at the breakfast table at A. J. Sigler's, the subject of the earthquakes was being discussed, their causes, &c., and the very destructive ones that occurred at Lisbon in 1755 and at Caracas in 1825. Mr. Sigler remembered that a great many people here had never heard of an earthquake and did not know what the recent shock meant. Little Anne Sigler said "Uncle Font did you ever hear of an earthquake before?" Jim Sigler (a little five year old nephew) said "Anne you are simple. Uncle Font is what makes 'em."

Some visitors went into a store in Portland, Me., kept by a German woman, and called for whiskey. She said she could not sell any, and then whispered to one of them: "You want fisky you must call for vine, and pinch mit one eye."

An Egyptian mummy on exhibition at the Iowa State Fair was seized by a landlord in payment of the owner's board bill. An Egyptian Pharaoh, dead and turned to dust, may stop a hole for some one who is lost.

MARRIAGES.

—Roy C. White and Miss Carrie Maran were married in Madison yesterday.

—Magoffin Hardin and Miss May Partibone, both of Harrodsburg, were married yesterday.

—Robert L. Grubbs and Miss Bettie Garr, of Shelby City, eloped to Jeffersonville and were married Monday.

—An innocent-looking country awkin came to town the other day and asked County Clerk Thompson Cooper if he could sell him a "pair of marriage license."

—Mr. W. D. Goeb, who is three score and one, and has led three women to the marriage altar in his time, and Mrs. Matilda Norris, five years his junior, and who has been led to a like altar by four men, were married by Judge Varnos in the Court House this week. They are both from the Wayneburg neighborhood.

—Upon consultation with the Auditor it is learned that he has advisably instructed clerks that in his opinion the fee for marriage license has been increased to \$2, and that the fee of \$50, which is turned in the State revenue, does not have anything to do with the fee of \$150, which goes to the clerk of the county court as heretofore. (Frankfort Capital.)

When the war of the rebellion began, Asa Martin, of Martin county, Ind., left his wife and little children and enlisted. He was captured and imprisoned at Belle Isle, and then all trace of him was lost. After waiting several years Mrs. Martin, sure that she was a widow, married Widow Peak, who had several children. Her offspring and her predecessor's together with several more that blessed the Martin-Peak marriage, now form a family of really remarkable proportions. Now comes a man from the Indian Territory who says that Martin escaped from the rebel prison and went West. He wrote to his wife and not getting an answer, thought she was dead. He has not married again but has made a fortune, and his heirs are large and many. Mrs. Martin-Peak is anxiously waiting to see what Asa will do about it.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, wife of the palace-car millionaire, usually travels in a train of four private cars—one a drawing-room for reception and reading purposes, with easy chairs, lounges, piano, &c.; another a dining-car, equally elegant; another a sleeping car, perfect in its appointments, and another for the accommodation of six blooded trotters and carriage horses.

"Johnny, your teacher gives you a very poor certificate again this week," remarked Col. Fizzle-top to his son. "Oh, pa, if you don't haul him over the coals he will keep going from bad to worse. It is no use for me to talk to him. It goes in one ear and out the other," replied Johnny, who is ahead of the times in precocity.

A young man with a good deal of spare time on his hands wishes to learn of something that will keep him occupied. Let him take an ordinary, every-day little bumble bee and place him in the limb of his trousers. This receipt is copyrighted. (N. Y. Mail.)

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and thank Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. E. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, senr., Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian trouble, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchal, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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—I have now— A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements, Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

M. M. BRUCE.

BOURNE!

—FROM WHENCE—

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In these tight times each buyer should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant 50c for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for 40c. To do this is not justice to yourself or family.

In the next place, you should be sure to get good articles. Poor goods are dear at any price. Nowhere is this more so than in Medicines. You might as well pay 50c an ounce for saw dust as for inferior medicines.

Bourne has just received his large stock of Medicines from the celebrated French chemist, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. M. L. Bourne's New Drug Store, Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884. "For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

1886 THE COURIER-JOURNAL. 1886

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83-6m

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I will sell privately my farm of 82 acres, situated on the Lancaster pike, 1½ miles from Stanford, in a good neighborhood. It has upon it a fine dwelling house containing 8 rooms; good barn; four never failing springs on the place affording an abundance of stock water. Fencing all in good repair. 55 acres well set in grass; balance in cultivation. Terms easy. Possession given September 20, 1886. Will also sell the stock and crop now on the farm. Apply to

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153-1t

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153-17t

O. & M.

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Stanford, Ky., September 24, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Of Madison.

THE New York World's special correspondent, sent to investigate the status of prohibition in the States that have adopted it, finds that in Kansas the consumption of liquor has decreased 25 per cent, but it is very evident that it has largely increased the vices of deception, lying, spying and tattling. The sale of liquor has increased in Iowa. The internal revenue figures show this. The trouble with the Iowa law is in the means provided for its enforcement. In Kansas imprisonment is the absolute accompaniment of the fine imposed for a conviction upon even a first offense. In Iowa the prohibition laws thus far have only had the effect of giving greater license to liquor selling, without receiving any revenue from such sale. In Michigan they have renounced prohibition after years of experiment and have adopted a tax law. Under it the number of saloons has become reduced. Indiana is beginning to look toward a local option law, but as yet has done nothing. Illinois has a number of local option counties, nearly all democratic. Ohio has settled down to a high license law. Missouri is nearly ready for a local option law. Minnesota has local option. "The temperance agitation in the South is merely a white man's movement for the better control of the negroes. The opinion of the best men with whom I have talked is that the temperance question can be best settled by the adoption of the high license law, with a local option feature. It shall be for each community to say whether liquor shall be sold or not in its locality, and if sold it should be made to pay a revenue. The tax should be large enough to keep the trade in the hands of responsible people, who will themselves form an active police against irregular selling without license."

The democratic entries so far in the Kentucky Congressional races are Laffoon in the 2d; Montgomery in the 4th; Breckinridge in the 7th; Gov. McCreary in the 8th; Judge Wall in the 9th; Taulbee in the 10th and Major Botts in the 11th. The contests are still open in the 1st, with the probability that Stone will be renominated; Halsell will probably be returned from the 3d; Caruth seems to have the deadwood in the 5th and Carlisle will of course be renominated in the 6th. The next delegation promises to be solidly democratic, with four new men in the place of the old ones. So far the republicans have put up but three candidates; Thomas in the 9th; Hurst in the 10th and Finley in the 11th.

SENATOR COLQUITT, of Georgia, is the leader of the prohibition movement in the South and is enthusiastic enough to predict that the entire continent will be dedicated to sobriety within ten years. On the other hand the observant editor of the New York Sun, Mr. Dana, says "prohibition exists in the mind only. As a system it can not be established, at least now, and its advocates must be regarded more as the fanatical adherents of an impracticable idea than as the genuine and determined foes of rum." You pay your money and you take your choice.

THE faith cure has been put to a serious test in Jersey City. A woman who weighed 375 pounds and had taken anti-fat by the quart and exhausted all the other remedies to reduce her voluptuousness, sought the prayers of the good people of the "Mt. Zion Sanctuary" and uniting her petitions with theirs, she was soon reduced to 300 pounds. We know a few ladies who are troubled with a too great abundance of adipose tissue and it is for their benefit that this item is printed. It is a cheap remedy and if it fails they won't be out of any money.

LABOR of all kinds seems to be demoralized in St. Louis, and ready to take any advantage it can of its employer. Last year when the city was entertaining thousands of guests, the street car drivers struck, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of everybody, and now, when the same city is full of Knights Templar and other guests, the waiters at the hotels go on a strike. It looked for awhile like the Knights would go hungry, but the demands of the strikers were complied with and business resumed.

THE cities of the State are not bidding for the Colored Normal School with that liberality and avidity that might characterize them. In fact they are not bidding at all. Lexington had the matter before its council, but that body decided to spend all its spare cash on its local colored population and let the Normal School seek other quarters.

SAM FONDER, a worse than brute, has been held in \$2,000 bail at London, for raping his own daughter. If Judge Lynch is ever justifiable in holding court and passing sentence, this case seems especially to commend itself for his action.

THE Knights Templar are an unusually healthy set of men. The report to the council in session at St. Louis shows that of the thousands of them in the country, but 24 have died in three years, a remarkably low average.

THE Georgetown Times says it was an Ohio man who wrote to President Cleveland for an appointment to the vacancy, on hearing of the abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria.

District, which seems to be controlled by Oscar Turner, has decided that it is too late to nominate a candidate for Congress. With two or three democrats in the field the "old outlaw" will combine weak-kneed democrats with the republicans and be returned to Congress as sure as gun's iron. Capt. Stone is too good a democrat to be thus slaughtered.

If Col. Alex. Moody, of Livingston, Ala., had been a prohibitionist he would have waited till he was dead to be cremated. As it was he went home drunk, drove his family out of the house and barred the doors. Then he lay down in a stupor and the building catching fire he was burned up alive.

THERE are sixty million of the dollars of our daddies in circulation and the people are crying for more. It is only the gold bugs who abuse the silver dollar and try to depreciate its value. Poor folks are anxious enough to get them.

THAT d--n gambling bill, which seems to have laid up our friend, Charley Offutt, for repairs, is getting in its work. A white man and a negro from Union county were landed in the penitentiary under the provision this week.

THE President after a six-weeks' outing is back in Washington. It is said that he wore a blue-fannel shirt the whole time, but it is hoped it was not the same one, unless he went to bed to have it washed.

If Wiggins' prediction of dire calamity fails to materialize, he should himself be put to death for scaring timid individuals out of their wits.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Neal Dow's son-in-law is in the hands of the law for robbing a Portland, Maine, bank of \$87,000.

—The Treasury department is now printing the one dollar silver certificates at the rate of \$80,000 a day.

—Tuck Agee shot and killed his brother-in-law, James Falconer, near Lexington, over the division of an estate.

—J. L. Jump killed George Hall and Jasper Simpson in Owen county because they abused him for his refusal to drink with them.

—There was a picnic in Miller township, Ind., the other day, and Aunt Susie Grubbs took the prize as the best dancer. She is 85 years old.

—Twenty thousand dollars' worth of sausage was cooked at one time in Cincinnati Tuesday. George Reif's factory was burned that day.

—Allen county Wednesday went for Halsell, thus assuring that gentleman's renomination and election to Congress from the Third district.

—Ned Twyman was shot and killed near Versailles by another negro named Armstead Jones, because he accused him of stealing his watermelons.

—Since the beginning of the issue of the combined letter sheet and envelope one month ago, 2,000,000 of the sheets have been sent out to the postoffices.

—The Middle & East Tennessee, which connects with the Chesapeake & Nashville near Gallatin, and penetrates a rich coal country, has been let to J. C. Rodemer.

—The Chesapeake & Ohio will run another grand excursion to Old Point Comfort, on October 5th, with round-trip fare at \$13, and tickets good for thirteen days.

—Secretary Lamar has been taking a tour of New England with his sweetheart, Mrs. Holt, the pretty Georgia widow, and rumors of her marriage to her are revived.

—Ex-Lieut. Gov. John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, was elected Deputy Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Old Fellows of the United States, in session at Boston.

—Of the 15,225 votes cast in the Second district primary last Saturday Laffoon received 6,538, Ellis 4,178, McKenzie 3,999 and Adair 512. Laffoon's plurality 2,358.

—Bowman Paxton, a druggist, was lynched Sunday night near Malden, Mo. He was being brought from Kennett, to be tried for the murder of a blacksmith named McGullevry.

—The report that the Kentucky Military Institute is financially embarrassed and on the verge of being permanently closed, is vigorously denied by Col. Robt. D. Allen the superintendent.

—The annual report presented to the Supreme Lodge of Old Fellows in session at Boston, shows that there are 617,310 members of the order with an annual revenue of \$5,309,688.77.

—The remaining six of the entombed miners at Marvin Slope, Scranton, Pa., have been exhumed. They bore the appearance of having been overcome by gas and having gone to sleep.

—Mr. Blaine has a tenth interest in the Small Hopes silver mine that pays him \$100,000 a year. It evidently pays just about that much more than his Big Hopes of the Presidency ever will.

—Mahone, it is said, wants to be governor of Virginia. A good many men want "the earth," and they will get it about the time this repudiated small boss secures the governorship of Old Virginia.

—Joe Clark has purchased the farm of Mrs. Lucy Lyle, five miles from Lexington on the Georgetown pike, at \$100 per acre, cash. It contains 217 acres. Improvements moderate, but land very fine.

—The receipts from all sources at the Patent Office during the last fiscal year were \$1,206,167, as against \$1,207,974 the preceding year. The expenditures were \$992,249, leaving a surplus of \$213,918.

—The colored people at Atlanta are on the verge of lunacy on account of Wiggins' prediction that an earthquake is to occur on the 29th. In several counties prophets have arisen who predict the end of the world on that date.

—The Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Kentucky is in session at Newport.

—In Maine the official figures for Governor give Bodwell, republican, 12,850 over Edwards, democrat. Two years ago the republican majority in Maine was 20,000.

—Snelling, the defaulting treasury of the Lowell bleachery, has pleaded guilty to embezzlement of \$67,000, and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. At that rate he gets over \$9,000 a year for his service to the State.

—The grand parade of Knights Templar was prevented at St. Louis by the fall of a heavy rain, which was as great a disappointment to the Sir Knights as to the hundreds of thousands who had gathered to observe them in procession.

—There are 2,500 employees in the government printing office at Washington, many of whom are drawing pay for doing nothing. The new democratic official, who has just taken charge, Mr. Benedict, has already fired 200 and will dispense with 300 more.

—At Louisville a laborer was crushed to death under a building stone, a workman was torn to pieces by a fly-wheel in a cotton mill and a man was gored to death in a stable by a bull. A red shirt worn by the latter named unfortunate caused the bovine's wrath.

—Senator Beck in a public speech at Nicholasville, virtually declared himself a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He said if he were sent back he would see that Congress passed his bill which prohibits a Congressman from acting as an attorney for any corporation.

—Of the 57 democratic chairmen of committees in the present Congress, 25 have already been elected to stay at home. The greatest slaughter has been in the South, and the victims appear to have been for the most part expounders of that glorious doctrine of civil service reform.

—Martin Irons, the noted labor agitator, is under arrest at St. Louis charged with complicity in tapping the telegraph wires during the Northwestern railroad strike. Irons has been surrendered by those who were his friends, and claims that his arrest was a put-up scheme to bring himself and the Knights of Labor into disrepute.

—Prof. Proctor, State Geologist, gives the comforting information that earthquakes are assurances that the earth is not near death; that hundreds of thousands of years will still pass before the end is seen in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal of the action of subterranean forces.

—On the 4th of next March Wm. McMahon steps down and out of the Senate never to return. There have been men in this country who, in their day and generation, felt the full weight of the people's scorn and hatred, but not one among them all ever sounded the depths of misery that McMahon is destined to reach. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

—Wiggins still insists that an awful earthquake and cyclone will visit the Southern States on the 29th. He says that Jacksonville, Macon, Atlanta, Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Houston, San Antonio and Galveston are to be greatly damaged or totally destroyed, while the country north of that line is to experience a great storm—"in fact a vast hurricane."

—The great Bell Telephone case is on trial in the United States Court at Cincinnati. A formidable array of counsel on both sides was present, including ex-Senators Thurman and McDonald respectively for and against the government. This suit is the most important that has occurred in this country for many years and the prospect is that before it is terminated the life of the Bell Patent will have expired.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The flux, which has prevailed extensively and fatally west of us, is reported as abating in some degree.

—J. F. Steele, having returned from Texas, has re-opened at his old stand and is ready to supply old customers and new ones with all they need in his line.

—A large number who proposed exorcising West at reduced rates, found, after having made every preparation, that rates had gone up; consequently many of them gave up the trip.

—The Colored Teachers' Institute was conducted by Prof. Hathaway, in a most able and satisfactory manner, and will doubtless result in much good. Prof. H. is an enlightened advocate of broad views, thorough work and continued progress.

—Our schools have opened with fair attendance. Mr. Blakeman has charge of the College, Miss Sallie Thurmond, the Napoleon of teachers, ways the destinies of the district school and Miss Mary Thompson is conducting a private school. All seem to be progressing smoothly.

—Mrs. Sallie Goode, Miss Lizzie Pa. and Miss Mary Peyton have gone to Texas on a visit. Miss Lucy Bogle is at North Middletown. Miss Dollie Williams is at Lexington. Misses Jude Weatherford and Lou Hocker are at Daughters' College and Lizzie Bogle at Danville. The Misses Logan have returned to Louisville.

—Hustonville is not dead but asleep! After the paroxysm of a political canvass, heated discussions, personal animosities and protracted meetings, the old town has asserted its hereditary inertia and settled down in quiet contemplation of its imperturbability. Since winter set in, which it did a few days since, and the family has re-assembled around the cozy fireside, its members are reconstructing former acquaintance and recalling forgotten memories. As the chilling winds of adversity operate toward healing of feuds and the recollection of hostilities, so does the approach of winter hallow the sanctuary of home, and strengthen the ties of social pleasures.

"I am the President."

A curious incident occurred during one of the President's morning strolls. A bright-eyed but roughly-dressed lad met him near the lake, but had no idea he was the President.

"Excuse me, mister, but do you live at the hotel?" said the boy.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cleveland, with an amused smile.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. S'pose you have seed Governor Cleveland?"

"Oh, yes, I have seen him frequently."

"Goll darned if you ain't just the man I've been acking to meet. You see I've walked 30 miles to take a look at the President. Jess as soon as I heard he was here, I sot out, and here I am, begosh."

The smile on the President's face still broadened.

"My old dad has been rotin' up in the mountains for 30 years, begosh, but none of the fellers he voted for got elected till he went for Cleveland. Since then our luck changed, begosh. Cattle quit dying, hoeses did well, mwm got the house insured and it ain't bin struck by lightning since, begosh. Dad says it's all because Cleveland's got a big neck bustin' wide open with brains. He must have had brains, else he couldn't have got to the White House, begosh. I've cum clean over here to see the President, and if you'll be so perlitte as to pint him out I'll be obliged. When you cum our way dad'll give you all the cider and fried chicken you can drink, begosh."

"I'm President Cleveland."

"There, begosh, you ain't are you tho'?"

"I'm the President," said Mr. Cleveland, with smiles struggling with gravity, "and I shall be happy."

Some broken sentences, a scared face and three or four gasps, mingled with dust and retreating footsteps and the young man from the mountains disappeared down the roadway. The formidable reality of the Executive presence was too much for the young mountaineer. —[N. Y. Herald.]

The consumption of lead pencils in this country is estimated at 250,000 a day. This is at the rate of one per day to every 160 of the population, or about 78,000,000 a year. Graphite, which is the softest substance dug from the earth, is taken in the lump direct from the mouth of the mine to the reducing mill. Here it is pulverized by stamps under the water, the particles floating off with the water through a series of tanks. It comes to the factory in Brooklyn in barrels, in the form of dust. The powder is lustrous and of a dingy color. It is finer and softer than flour, and can be taken up in the hand just as water can, but is hardly retained more easily than water is. If one attempts to take a pinch of it between the forefinger and thumb it is as evasive as quicksilver and the only sensation left is that the flesh is smoother than before.

Two years ago a young farmer of Nottoway county, Va., fell in love with a pretty girl. He was an F. F. V., she a simple village maiden. But she didn't love him, because she loved another, and she told him so. At this feeble brain of the young farmer gave away and he went to the Eastern Insane Asylum at Williamsburg. Just before the day set for the marriage of the girl to the man she loved, he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. When the news reached her she became a raving maniac, and she too was recently taken to the asylum, and now she and the man who went crazy for love of her are under the same roof.

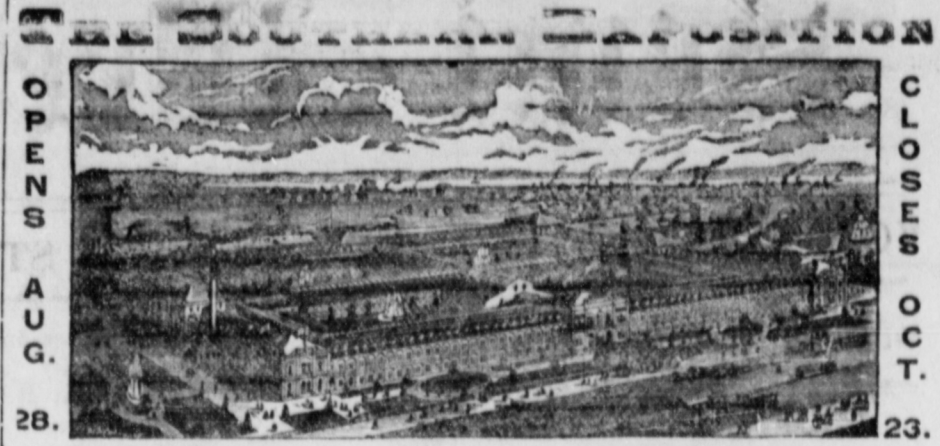
Every day at 1 o'clock \$300,000,000 sit around a little mahogany table in an upper room in the Western Union building and eat a plain but substantial lunch. The millions belong to Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Russell Sage and Ex-Gov. Alorzo Cornell. All were country boys, and wore shoes only on Sunday. Mr. Gould and Mr. Sage got their ideas of finances in yill lage stores, and Mr. Dillon and Gov. Cornell were day laborers and thanked heaven when they trudged home with \$6 in their trousers pockets on Saturday night. —[New York Sun.]

Among the old papers in the County Clerk's office in Freehold, N. J., is the death sentence of a negro named Cesar. It reads: "Therefore the Court doth judge that thou, the said Cesar, shall return to the place from whence thou camest, and from thence to the place of execution, when thy right hand shall be cut off and burned before thine eyes. Then thou shalt be hanged up by the neck till thou art dead, dead dead; then thy body shall be cut down and burned to ashes in a fire, and so the Lord have mercy on thy soul, Cesar."

The Shah of Persia is the boss prohibitionist. A deputation of the ladies of Teheran recently visited him and told him that the cafes had a demoralizing effect upon their husbands, keeping them out late at night and thereby interfering with the joys of the fireside. His King of Kingship frowned and immediately gave orders for closing up all the cafes in his kingdom. Now let the lady crusaders of the West send to the Shah the proper telegram under the circumstances.

The time my come, even in Kansas, when public sentiment will cry out against the principle which encourages the preacher to become a mere political machine, and the sooner it comes the better it will be for the reputation of the church. At present religion in Kansas politics is selfish, hypocritical and scandalous. —[Kansas City Times.]

A recent report coming from McPherson county, Kansas, the centre of the broom corn region of that State, says that the viable supply of last year's broom corn crop has been almost entirely consumed and that there remains little doubt but that good broom corn will reach \$200 per ton before Oct. 1.



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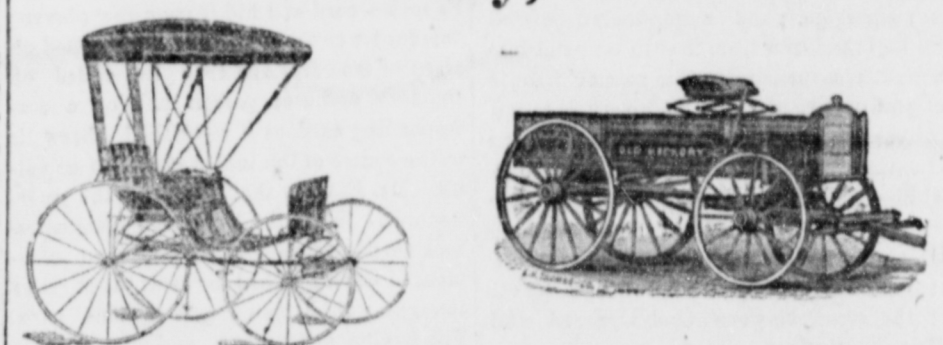
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A GREAT HIGHWAY.

THE NATIONAL ROAD LAID OUT NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Interesting Reminiscences in Connection with the Once Popular Thoroughfare. Historic Associations—Noted Passengers Over the Road.

How few know anything of the "national road!" It has been so eclipsed by railways that many well-informed people don't know that such a structure was ever built.

Away back in 1815 there arose serious apprehension that the growth of the west would cause disaffected politicians to want a different capital—a western union—and during Monroe's administration congress, under the advocacy of Henry Clay, "Tom" Benton, Gen. Lewis Cass, Thomas Ewing and Andrew Stewart, made appropriations from the national treasury, and the work was vigorously executed. Beginning at Cumberland mountain, it extended across Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana westward. The design was to connect the national capital with St. Louis.

The road bed was reduced to a grade of five degrees, was made thirty-five feet wide, and macadamized. The under part was chiefly of stone, placed on edge, and is now the case in cities, and covered with stones that would go through an inch and a half ring. The national road was free to all. It was maintained by the general government for a dozen years, but in 1830, "through deference to Gen. Jackson's idea of state sovereignty," it was turned over to the states through which it was built.

A POPULAR THOROUGHFARE. Much interesting reminiscence might be given of this great thoroughfare and its wars. In 1857, when war was threatened between this country and France, there was such suspicion of sympathy between the French in Louisiana and the enemy that a quick mail route was established via this road, and the Mississippi river contracts were let with the requirement of speed to average ten miles per hour. The entire highway was laid off into sections, three boys and nine horses being required for sixty-three miles, and the time given for the trip was six hours and eighteen minutes.

Whether legal or not, the national road was a popular thoroughfare. There was soon as high as 150 "great Conestoga six-horse teams" per day. That is the same number as the railroad trains that pass over the Pennsylvania railroad now daily to and from Jersey City. There were four or five four-horse mail and passenger coaches each way daily.

Presidents frequented this highway, and on such occasions men were posted at hilltops by the roadside to wave their red bandannas as a signal of approach for the distinguished travelers. The people would assemble and render both vocal and instrumental music.

Much of the national road is still in good condition, and its many historic associations are enhanced by modern progress. While the old cast iron posts yet remain to tell of distances to places, etc., telegraph wires are abundant, and there is a combination of things ancient and modern which give to travelers by the old road much of rare interest.

Of noted passengers over this road there are recorded the names of James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Dick Johnson (vice-president under Tyler), James K. Polk, Santa Anna and the Marquis de Lafayette.

CHAT WITH POLK'S WIDOW. James K. Polk! How the name stands out in the list! To be assured about the stories told on the subject I called on the venerable Mrs. Polk. At my greeting she said she was feeble, but had never in the several years it had been my fortune to know her appeared quite so bright, so graceful and so elegant.

"Ah, yes, I have often been over the 'great national road,' as it was called, and it revived many pleasant reminiscences. Friends used to ask me if I were not fatigued in making those trips, but I would tell them that in those days I knew not the sensation of being tired. Why, we didn't travel in the ordinary stage coaches of that day. True, we did travel in public carriages, but gentlemen could make arrangements to travel exclusively, and would stop over at night. Mr. Polk was fourteen years successively in congress, and we often journeyed that way; not always. We went to Washington twice in our private carriage. Our route would be down the Cumberland to the Ohio, and up that to Wheeling, and thence across by the national road to Cumberland, Md. The car ran from thence to Baltimore. When Mr. Polk was elected president we went that way and changed cars at the Relay house, the junction of that road and the one leading from Baltimore to Washington. There was a great crowd there and he made a speech. What magnificent scenery on that thoroughfare across the Allegheny mountains! I had an experience on our journey that often gave amusement to our friends. Our team ran away, and we might have been much more unfortunate, but one of our horses fell and the driver checked the others. But the carriage was upset. Dr. Linn, a senator from Missouri, was much attentive to me. Mr. Polk and others had emerged from the carriage, and Dr. Linn proposed to help me, and he asked me to put my foot on his hand, and did so, and he helped me gracefully in that way. He was a courtly gentleman."—Nashville American.

Transfusion of Blood. A lawyer, it seems, has come to the aid of the medical fraternity, judging from the report of what are described as successful experiments carried on before professors of the Michigan State university medical department, with an instrument for the transfusion of blood directly from one animal or person into another. A correspondent declares that it bids fair to overcome the only heretofore existing obstacle to the success of this operation—the clotting of blood, and dangers following from injection of such clots. In the experiments, a sick sheep was placed at one end of the instrument and a healthy one at the other, and a very visible change for the better was the result in the sick one. The ether was then allowed to bleed as long as blood would flow, and was resuscitated by blood taken from a calf. The inventor is said to have been a successful lawyer, when ill health compelled to abandon his profession.—Boston Transcript.

Love Making in a Pickwickian Sense. One peculiarity of the Mexicans I neglected to mention. If they meet a pretty woman on the street, although an entire stranger, they will say to her: "You are so sweet! so pretty! I love you!" No offense is meant, and the lady is not expected to notice it. Such a compliment was paid a pretty Boston girl in Mexico city, and she astonished her plain-spoken admirer by taking her parasol to him.—New Orleans Picayune.

Marat's Bath. The bath in which the infamous Marat was when Charlotte Corday rid the world of him has been sold by a priest of the diocese of Vannes to a Paris waxworks showman. The price was \$1,000, which will be devoted to the uses of a religious school.—Boston Transcript.

SHERIDAN'S HOME AND MOTHER.

A House Near the Hocking Valley Where He Goes Once a Year.

The little cottage is on the verge of the Hocking valley, facing the fair vale of Muskegon. The Sheridan home is not pretentious. It is a story and a half cottage, with a wide yard and a long walk of native stones which leads to the door. There was a delicious coolness under the trees and a delightful view. No one was in sight, and we sat on the porch in the old-fashioned rockers, which invite company. The door was open and disclosed a hall which was neatly furnished. The rooms on each side were rather richly decorated for a country cottage, and the walls with pictures of the son at almost every stage of life. Mementoes of his experience when he was fighting the Indians in Oregon and more of his experience in the rebellion were plenty and suggestive. An old lady in a black silk dress and black lace cap came out and warmly welcomed us. "A gentleman who wants to see the mother of Gen. Sheridan," was the manner of my introduction. The old lady shook my hand with a hearty grasp, which had done credit to a woman of 23, and then she joined us on the porch for a chat. For a woman of 87 she is remarkably strong and clear in conversation. In her face, which is not at all emaciated, can be traced a resemblance to her famous son. Of course the talk turned to him, and with a laugh of pride and joy she said:

I have been feeling quite well to-day, and I had a telegram from Phillie that he is coming to-morrow.

"But he comes every year?"

"Oh, yes," and again the old lady laughed and smiled as she said:

"He was here a year ago and stayed over night. I didn't know he was coming, and was up to see a neighbor about some business. When I started home I met him on the road. He came running up to me and said: 'Why, mother, where have you been? I was afraid something had happened to you.'"

"He was a good boy and healthy," was he not, Mrs. Sheridan?" asked Capt. Greiner.

"Yes, indeed. He was never sick. He never had time to be sick. He was an active lad, and so fond of horses. I know when he lived in town Phillie was always about the stage horses when they would come in. He would watch till they were unhitched, and then watch his chance to take them to town. One day his father caught him and gave him a good whipping. It was the hardest whipping the lad ever got, and I felt very badly about it. I told him it was fairly right, but he said it would do Phil good and I guess it did. He was hurt once by a wild colt which threw him up by Dean's one day. He was badly hurt inside, but a breaking out saved his life. That was when he was home from West Point."

"Where was he when the war commenced?"

"In Oregon. I didn't see him for a long time then."

"But you heard from him often?"

"Oh, yes; and when the mail would come I would go out in the yard, afraid to see the letters or paper; lest I should hear that some of my boys were killed or hurt."

"But the news from them was always good?"

"Yes, indeed," and the old lady laughed with pride as she remembered the tidings of those momentous days which made her "Phillie" the leader of the American armies. Talking of him, she apologized the least bit for being so fond of her son. "You can excuse an old mother for being so proud of her son. He has always been good to me."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Field Long Neglected.

Every country physician should have a knowledge of veterinary science, and be willing to prescribe for sick horses and cattle, as well as for their owners. Attention to the diseases of the lower animals is, no doubt, of less consequence than curing the maladies of human beings, but I do not see why it should be regarded as a matter of inferior dignity to find remedies for the diseases of the animal creation. No scientific man considers it beneath him to inquire into the causes of the potato rot, or the blight of the wheat crop. The preservation of the health of domestic animals is, even apart from consideration of humanity in the relief of suffering to the beasts themselves, an exceedingly important thing in a pecuniary point of view. And besides this, the study of the lower animals often develops facts and principles of no slight value in reference to the health of the human system. Some of the most serious diseases to which man is subject are found amazingly near the same form in horses, and need essentially the same treatment.—Bos. Perley Poore in American Cultivator.

What's in a Name?

A woman was recently arrested in New York with the remarkable name of Scholastica Bigot, which translated means "Scientifically Orthodox Zealot," and is "curious name for French persons, even if they were Bigots themselves, to bestow on a little girl. The Buffalo Commercial, commenting on the peculiar appellation, says: Why will parents cause a child with such ridiculous names? We recall to memory a first-class business man who was hampered with the name of Theodorus Constantine Sobieski Aurelius. We will spare him the mortification of a complete identification. Parents who thus impose upon their children ought to be liable for damages when the latter grow to man's and woman's estate."—Chicago Times.

Tramps in Dakota.

Tramps in Dakota are not too lazy to do the "crow act." That is, they act as scarecrows in the wheat fields, taking turns at standing on a platform high above the wheat, and occasionally yelling or throwing a stone at the birds. They are paid very little besides what they eat.—New York Sun.

At the beach hotel beware of the waiter with whiskers. A really good waiter never finds leisure to grow whiskers.—Somerville Journal.

The new law in New York prohibiting the employment of children in factories will force 30,000 children out of employment.

England has a Dicky Bird society, composed of 100,000 children. Its aim is to encourage protection of birds and animals.

Advice on the subject is plenty, yet the surest way to obtain a paid-up dividend in life is to "keep digging."—Jud Lafagan.

On \$1,000,000 of gold coin shipped from San Francisco to New York there is a loss by friction of from \$100 to \$250.

W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker, is 88 years old, and has given more than \$2,000,000 for charity.

It has been figured out that it costs \$1,000 every time the roll is called in the house of representatives.

Jay Gould took his photographic apparatus with him on his Bar Harbor yacht trip.

Generous acts shud'n march behin' a brass band.—Brother Gardner.

We need the money due us for subscription and would be obliged to all in arrears to remit at once.

PEOPLE WHO EAT CLAY.

PECULIARITIES OF THE SANDHILLERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Kaolin as an Article of Food, with Yellow Marl for Dessert—A Diet Which Prevents Dyspepsia and Lung Troubles.

It is not generally known, but is true, that there exists not far from this city a race of white people called "Sandhillers," who are veritable clay eaters. This morning, in company with a young physician of this city, your correspondent was enjoying a jaunt into pine groves which skirt the eastern confines of Columbia, and we were proceeding toward the sandhills when we were accosted by an aged mendicant, who, thrusting an old greasy piece of paper into my unwilling hand, exclaimed piteously: "For God's sake, read it, gentlemen." My friend, who was prejudiced against beggars in general and "Sandhillers" in particular, was for sternly rebuking the old man, when something peculiarly touching in the applicant's look arrested the uncharitable purpose and impelled him to heed the whisperings of his nobler nature and to relieve the distress of the poor wretch. I, too, could not restrain a Christian impulse, and bestowing what alms I could afford I glanced at the paper which had been forced into my hand. This was what it contained:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that the bearer, who is both worthy and needy, is over one hundred years old. Assist him, all who can.

I handed the centenarian his document and he shuffled off, chuckling over his good fortune and jingling the coins in his bony hand. Here, then, was a genuine centenarian, and we did not begrudge what we had given him.

AN UNEARTHLY VISAGE.

But what a strange looking being he was! How unearthly his visage, how yellow his complexion, how shrunken his cheeks, what pleading yet lusterless eyes, and, withal, what a miserably emaciated and drawn-up body! Such a type of a man is not to be met with every day. I had, it is true, encountered in the streets of Columbia men and women not unlike him, but never before had I gazed upon his identical counterpart.

"Do you know that he is a real clay-eater?" asked my companion.

"A what?" I exclaimed.

"Why, a man that lives on clay—one whose principal diet is 'kaolin,' or a sort of smooth, gritty, moist, white clay which abounds hereabouts."

"But you don't think I'm so credulous as to believe that this man, who is over 100 years of age, has achieved this remarkable longevity by subsisting on tasteless clay?"

"It is strange, but nevertheless true. I have made a long study of the subject, and have ascertained some curious facts concerning the clay eating habit. Now, to begin with, I have seen the 'sandhillers' of North and South Carolina, some of them not ten miles from Columbia, while taking their meals, and have observed them consume considerable quantities of clay such as I described. Indeed, I have myself partaken of their frugal repast."

"Well, what does it taste like, and how does it affect one?" I queried.

"It is almost tasteless, but some of the epicures profess to enjoy it because of the delicate flavor it possesses. It is perfectly white and wholly devoid of grit. In fact, it is nothing more nor less than the 'kaolin' of which plates, cups and saucers are made. There is nothing disagreeable about it, and it may be with impunity taken into the stomach. As an aliment it is not hurtful. It is contended that it is productive of longevity, and that it wards off several diseases. There are well authenticated instances of surprising longevity among clay eaters, and it is well understood by such of the faculty as have studied the subject that they are exempt from dyspepsia, never suffer with indigestion, and one has never been known to die of consumption or to be troubled with lung complaints."

ALLAYS HUNGER'S PANGS.

"Of course, there is nothing succulent or nutritious in clay, but it allays the pangs of hunger. This it does by distending the walls of the stomach. It is not to be supposed that clay can take the place of bread and meat as an article of food, but it does in a measure supply the place of meat."

The doctor paused while I expressed astonishment at what he told me. Continuing, he said:

"In my country practice, which occasionally carries me out into the sand hills (occasionally, I say, for although the 'Sandhillers' are the sickliest looking, most cadaverous and woe-begone beings in the world, they are the healthiest). I have good opportunity to study their peculiar life and habits. They can exist on the most limited quantities of animal food, in fact, they get along with a meat—a poor quality of bacon about twice a week. They are lazy and thriftless. They are not happy. Discontent is their normal state of feeling. But they are troubled with very few wants, and these are supplied easily."

"Do they eat only the white clay?" I interrupted.

"As a general thing," was the answer, "but sometimes they vary their meal and garnish their board by the addition of a yellowish sort of marl, which is said to be a sweet taste, which, it is claimed, possesses a sweet taste. This serves them as a dessert. They, however, draw the line at red clay. This not even their iron-clad stomachs could digest. I asked a gawky old 'Sandhiller' if he ever ate the red clay, and this was his response: 'No, suer. I hev occasionally had a brick in my hand, but I'll be blamed if I hanker after turning my howls into a brickbat.'"

"During our jaunt we met several 'Sandhillers' who verified much of what the young physician had said on the subject of clay eating."—Chicago Herald.

The Reporter as an Interviewer.

A reporter, in the course of his diurnal and nocturnal perambulations, runs up against a vast deal of human nature of one sort and another. The modern fashion of publishing a budget of miniature interviews every day, quoting remarks that probably the speaker had not the remotest idea were going to print, furnishes many illustrations. Hardly a day goes by but what somebody gets mad and says he never said what he is quoted as saying. He demands a correction, and generally gets it. But he doesn't deserve it, and he knows it. The trouble is, not that he did not say what was printed, but that he did not want everybody to know that he said it. And so he charges it all up to the reporter and makes out that he deliberately falsified the returns. If the reporter was guilty of one-half the crimes that are credited to him, he would be a most monstrous monster.—Pioneer Press "Listener."

The Pope's Publishing House.

It is reported that Pope Leo has purchased the Mignani palace in Rome for the sum of \$300,000, and is fitting it up as a printing and publishing office for religious work.—New York Graphic.

Offer you got plainly wisdom and not much pluck, der grass will grow pooty vell your feet under.—Carl Pretzel's National Weekly.

You will confer a favor on the publisher and do the proper thing by sending the amount of your subscription at once.



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Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McEllan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

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my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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Cured

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

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